

SONGS, &c.
IN
ITALIAN VILLAGERS.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

SONS & CO

STATION MACHINERY

NEW YORK

AIRS, DUETS, TRIOS,

&c. &c.

IN

ITALIAN VILLAGERS;

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

THE MUSICK

COMPOSED AND SELECTED

BY

MR. SHIELD.

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1797.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Duke of Urbino</i>	Mr. Murray.
<i>Octavio, a banished Nobleman</i>	} Mr. Hull.
<i>Lorenzo, his Son</i>	
<i>Valentine, a favourite of the Duke, in love with Isabel</i>	} Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Saveall, a miser</i>	
<i>Jeremy Maythorn, Suitor to his Daughter</i>	} Mr. Munden.
<i>Hilary, a Pedlar</i>	
<i>Premiss, a Lawyer</i>	Mr. Simmonds.
<i>Marco, Servant to Valentine</i>	Mr. Farley.
<i>Moro</i>	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Lawyer's Clerks</i>	{ Messrs. Gray, Street, Linton, &c.

Attendants on the Duke, Sportsmen, Servants, &c.

<i>Isabel, Daughter of Octavio</i>	} Mrs. Mountain.
<i>Lucilla, Daughter of Saveall</i>	
<i>Annetta, a Country Girl, Daughter of Rodriga</i> ..	} Mrs. Martyr.
<i>Rodrigo</i>	
<i>Flora, Servant to Isabel</i> ..	Mrs. Castelle.

Peasants, Girls, Children, &c.

Scene. A Village in the Duchy of Urbino.

ITALIAN VILLAGERS.

ACT I.

SCENE. *Inside of OCTAVIO'S House.*

TRIO. LORENZO, ISABEL, and FLORA.

Ifab. SAY, is not Love a gem more bright
Than Ocean's caves, or mountains hold?
Claims not the heart a native right
Beyond the lordly pow'r of gold?

Lor. Ah, no! Love's not a gem so bright
As Ocean's caves, or mountains hold;
Ah, no! the heart foregoes its right
Beneath the lordly pow'r of gold.

All. Then what relief shall lovers find?
What charm shall sooth their anxious mind?
On Fancy's bosom fondly laid,
To grasp a pleasing, fleeting shade;
To dream that Love's a gem more bright
Than Ocean's caves, or mountains hold;
And deem the heart may claim a right
Beyond the lordly pow'r of gold.

AIR. ISABEL.

A faith, as pure as mountain snow,
A heart, as constant as the dove,
I bring to grace my bridal vow ;
My only dow'r my truth and love.

But could I Fortune's smile command,
Could mine unbounded treasures prove,
They still should grace my plighted hand,
And swell the dow'r of truth and love.

SCENE. *A Cottage.*

AIR. ANNETTA.

When morning beams adorn the skies,
And maidens ope their pretty eyes,
The merry lark doth ride the gale,
Merry, merry, merrily.

And while he carols loud and gay,
The shepherd hies him on his way,
So bonny tripping o'er the dale,
Bonny, bonny, bonnily.

AIRS *and* DUET. LORENZO, HILARY, AN-
NETTA, *and* RODRIGA.

AIR. LORENZO.

Fond heart of man, why art thou gay?
Or why oppress'd by sorrow?
Thy joys, thy woes, live but a day,
Thyself a dream to-morrow.

Hil. (*without*) I'm the lad for the lasses,
My cups, rings, and glasses---

Ann. Hark, hark! what delight! 'tis my Hilary's
voice!

The joy of our cottage, the lad of my choice;
Let me hasten to meet him, to welcome my
swain,

Who, after long absence, comes home once
again. (*Exit Annetta.*)

Rod. Annetta, all artless, and true as the dove,
Tells plainly her mind, nor disguises her love;
Tho' youth be still light, she prevails o'er the
swain,

Who, after long absence, comes home once
again. (*Annetta and Hilary enter.*)

Hil. I'm the lad for the lasses—

My cups, rings, and glasses,
While they're crouding around me, I show;
I've a song for the weary,
With my fine galanty show!

A joke for the merry,
With my fine galanty show!
And I'm welcome wherever I go.

Then I step so prettily,
Prate so wittily,

Laugh so merrily, hoh!

Whenever I'm seen,

With the lads on the green,

Not a girl but will dance to my loro lo lo.

Ann. Mine's the lad for the lasses—

His cups, rings, and glasses,
While they're crowding around him, he shows;

With a song for the weary,

And a joke for the merry,

And his fine galanty shows;

He is welcome wherever he goes.

Then he steps so prettily,
 Prates so wittily,
 Laughs so merrily, hoh !

Ann. } Whenever he's seen,
& Hil. } With the lads on the green,
 We dance to the tune of his loro lo lo.

SCENE. *A Forest.*

GLEE. *Return from the Chase ;* SPORTSMEN,
 ATTENDANTS *on the DUKE, &c.*

Away from the field ! Fellow sportsmen, away !
 Behold the fierce boar to our courage a prey !
 His strength and his anger are dreadful no more ;
 Away from the field, for our pastimes are o'er.

Home, home, home !

How we chas'd him when rous'd from the woods,
 O'er hedges, thro' brakes, and thro' floods ;

O'er mountain and vale,

O'er meadow and dale,

While echo around high and low,

Replied to our hey trolly, trolly, trolilo !

Hark, hark ! the glad horn tells the felon is slain,
 The shouts of the villagers rise from the plain ;
 The herdsman exults in the death of his foe,
 And blesses the hunters, as homeward they go.

Home, home, home !

The foe be the theme of our song,
 While in triumph we bear him along ;

Till the villages ring,

As we jovially sing,

And echo around, high and low,

Reply to our hey trolly, trolly, trolilo !

AIR. VALENTINE.

I.

When first I felt Love's pleasing smart,
 Tingling, tingling at my heart,
 Wrapt in a lover's fairy dreams
 To shady groves and purling streams
 I taught my Lute the *loves* to tell
 Of Valentine and Isabel.

II.

With joy I bade my thoughts to stray
 Onward to the wedding day,
 For then I hop'd, amid the throng,
 To lead the merry dance along,
 While Fiddles brisk the *mirth* should tell
 Of Valentine and Isabel.

III.

But never thought I on the pain,
 Throbbing in the jealous brain,
 Or what a change would then be seen,
 If once a rival intervene,
 And Horns *the Lord knows what* should tell
 Of Valentine and Isabel.

SCENE. *Apartment in SAVEALL's House.*

AIR. LUCILLA.

I.

Ah why, Lorenzo, own a fear?
 At Fortune why repine?
 While you believe the heart sincere,
 Whose sighs reply to thine!
 Come away, come away,
 Prithee, love, come away!
 Thou shalt a welcome find:—
 For my eyes will tell
 I love thee well;
 Then wherefore art thou fearful?
 Give thy sighs unto the wind,
 For I'll be cheerful,
 And sing fal la, fal la---
 Give thy sighs, love, to the wind.

II.

Tho' golden chains the hand confine,
 And glare with outward show,
 Around the heart they cannot twine,
 Or real bliss bestow.
 Then away, then away,
 Doubting love, come away!
 Thou shalt a welcome find:
 For my eyes will tell
 I love thee well;
 Then wherefore art thou fearful?
 Give thy sighs, love, to the wind.

FINALE.

SAVEALL, MAYTHORN, LORENZO, HILARY,
PREMISS, LUCILLA, ANNETTA, LAWYER'S
CLERKS, &c.

Saveall. Come, sit down, let's hear the writings;
Rare expense for these inditings!

May. Pretty penning!

Prem. Call my men in!

Saveall. What, the devil! more than you?

Three, and those may prove too

May. Pray proceed---good gentles, feast ye,
Let me hear the forms of treaty:

Then, when knowing,

What is owing,

I'll discharge expenses due.

Prem. { He'll discharge expenses due.

and { Make a note of what is owing,

Clerks. { Only double what is due.

Lucilla. Now observe the Bridegroom well;

Ev'ry feature

Of the creature:

Hil. Ev'ry feature I can tell,

I've observ'd the Bridegroom well.

Clerk { The present writings here recite,

(reads) { That these indentures tripartite—

May. Hey day! there's some mistake here—

Allow me to remark—

Clerk. Between the parties to proceed,

Declared---concluded---and agreed---

Saveall. Why what a job he'll make here!

You've brought the Parish Clerk.

May. Confound this drawling sleeper,

Saveall. You'll charge us by the hour;

Prem. My knowledge greatly deeper,

Shall show a reader's power. *(reads)*

Lor. & { How vain with artful forms of learning,
Lucil. { The aim a captive heart to hold !
 { The heart ! that real blifs discerning,
 { Will never barter love for gold.

Prem. These parties here make overture,
(reads) In present case of coverture,
 Husband intended shall make over,
 Buildings, orchards, courts and leets.—
 Franchise---pledge, estray, estover,
 Heriots, rights, reliefs, escheats---
 Then in case of separation,
 Covenants---indemnification---
 Patrimony---alimony---education---confi-
 deration---

Revocation---ratification:—

Saveall. Hold ! slight mistakes a man may ruin,
 While you thus are reading post :

Lor. At the glass the Bridegroom wooing,
 Surely loves himself the most.

Lucilla. Such a silly fribbling lover
 Would prefer his suit in vain :

Lor. Or perhaps would prove a rover,
 If your hand he should obtain.

Ann. The folly he inherits,
 Such disappointment merits :

Hil. Instead of Hymen's Altar,
 I'd lead him to a Halter.

May. *(inspecting the writing)* Aye, aye, 'twas what
 I meant---

Saveall. Well, well, then I'm content.

Lucilla. The fool of airy fashion,
 Will lightly love to range,

Lor. While I, with truest passion,
 Disdain a thought of change.

Saveall. Goodb'ye then now, attorneys,
 I wish you all good journeys.

Prem. & { Good morrow, Mr. Saveall,

Clerks. { We only wait your will :

Saveall. A plague ! what would you have all ?
 'Tis Maythorn pays the bill.

Prem. Yes, yes, he pays th' expenses.

Saveall. You comfort all my senses.

All. What blifs when hearts uniting
 The laws approve and guide !
 The lover signs the writing,
 And claims his happy bride.
 Joy, Glee, Mirth, Love,
 All unite to give them pleasure ;
 All their days bring Hymen's treasure :
 All joy, all love,
 Their days shall prove,
 Crown'd with Music, Mirth, and Laughter,
 And the light heel tripping after.
 Sweetly ends the lover's pain,
 When Hymen binds the pleasing chain !

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Apartments in OCTAVIO's House,*

AIR. VALENTINE.

I'll begin—I'll begin—I'll—I vow—
 I'll begin—Psha ! I cannot tell how.
 That jade's so provoking,
 With passion I'm choaking ;
 I can't get the words off my tongue :
 But I swear by the nine,
 Since she scorns to be mine,
 Her praise shall be prettily rung.
 Oh, would I were pleading in court !
 I'd give all the judges fine sport ;
 Breach of promise the ground of my action :
 High damages laid,
 How I'd rail at the maid !—
 What ! Isabel !
 Oh, shame to tell !
 Oh, madness ! Oh, distraction !
 With brief, first, in hand,
 I attention command,
 And, explaining the cause, I begin ;

Look up to the cieling,
 Talk of virtue and feeling,
 And be modest—to bring my hand in.
 Then bolder and bolder growing,
 With tropes and with metaphors flowing,
 On winged words I fly;
 My periods round I ply,
 And charge the law's artillery.
 Grave Sirs, where is honour and conscience?
 My lords, they must both be found nonsense,
 If, after *matrimonium contractum*,
Promissum most certain, if not *factum*,
 When neither *error*, *conditio*, or *votum*—
 Aye, aye, that's the strain;
 If I'm in the right vein,
 I'll make all the court look about 'em.
 My rival, like a fury,
 I'll challenge with *quo jure*;
Quo minus I'll hit at,
Quo warranto, *quod permittat*;
 Then dash on
 To *crim. con.*
Distress, *domigerium*, *disseisin*,
 Aye, easily I shall bring these in;
Misprision, *main-prise*, *de libello habendo*,
Indictment, *injunction*, *interdictum*, *innuendo*,
Trespass, *demurrer*, *writ*, *enquiry*,
Latitat, *purview*, *premunire*,
Assumpsit, *indicavit*,
Affidavit,
Locus in quo,
Rule to show,
Locus partitus, *jocus partitus*,
Deeds to fright us;
Countermand, *proof at hand*,
Wrong, *force*,
Divorce—
 Aye, there lies the ground of my action;
 By Isabel,
 Oh, shame to tell!
 I'm driven to distraction.

SCENE. *Garden and Door of SAVEALL'S House.*

AIR. HILARY, RODRIGA, and ANNETTA.

Hil. & } Wailing, wailing, wherefore always so?

Rod. } Fair lady, fair lady, waste not life in woe.

Hey ho, hey down, wearily.

Ann. The vermeil rose doth bow its head

Beneath the falling rain ;

But soon 'as envying clouds be fled,

Will sweetly bloom again.

Hey ho, hey down, daintily.

Hil. And after wintry night,

The days be calm and bright.

Hey ho, hey down, cheerily,

All. Then let not grief be more unkind

Than falling rain, or wintry wind.

Hey ho, hey down, daintily.

AIR. ANNETTA.

I've a little pretty heart ;
 I have it to be sold ;
 But with it when I part,
 It will not be for gold.
 I seek to exchange it, and find
 Another as soft and as kind :
 But danger attends on believing,
 For men are sometimes so deceiving ;
 You smile ; I'm afraid, Sir,
 That women too *may* be so ;
 So I've heard it often said, Sir ;
 I for my part nothing know.
 I've a pretty little heart, &c.

AIR. SAVEALL.

I.

I care not for doves,
 Or shepherds or loves,
 Or bees with their hybla of honey ;
 No give me some sound,
 So clear and so round,
 That sweetly reminds me of money !
 Of hills tipp'd with *gold*,
 I love to be told,
 Of *pearls*, that *bespangle* the morning !
 Or a rich *golden* stream,
 That flows soft as cream,
 The meads and the vallies adorning !

II.

Then tell me at night,
 Of the moon's *silver* light,
 On my heart you its beauties imprint ;
 Would I there were alone,
 Like the man in the moon,
 And master, good Lord, of the mint !
 What coining and milling !
 Paul, florin, and shilling !
 How I'd pose astronomical scholars !
 For should Jove, as of old,
 Fly away with the gold,
 I'd come down in a shower of dollars.

SCENE. *Apartment in OCTAVIO's House.*

AIR. ISABEL.

When with wishes soft and tender
Love has once the heart impress'd,
Forc'd its freedom to surrender,
Never shall it hope to rest.

Never more to taste of pleasure,
Is the tyrant's stern decree ;
Yet to deem each sigh a treasure,
Dearer far than liberty.

DUET. VALENTINE *and* ISABEL.

Val. All flirting, coquetry, all fondness for shows,
 All racket, all riot, your actions declare;
 What man in his senses his hand would
 propose,
 For where is the husband will live at a
 fair?

Isa. On one point at least in one mind we proceed---

What's that, pray?

Val. On parting:

Both. Aye, aye, we're agreed.

Isa. New loves in the heart and new whims in
 the head,
 All fancies, all vapours, all humours at
 will;
 What maiden so silly would venture to wed,
 For where is the wife who can live in a
 mill?

Val. On one point at least in one mind we
 proceed,

What's that, pray?

Val. On parting,

Both. Aye, aye, we're agreed.

Isa. Agreed, shall we part then? the word you
 must say:

Val. No, you must declare it, and tell me to go;

Isa. What I! surely no---

Val. Nay indeed, prithee---

Isa. Nay---

Val. Yes, you---

Both. No, not I---It is you---It is---No---

I never can speak it---You still are my own,
 We'll love, and we'll live for each other
 alone.

FINALE. MAYTHORN, SAVEALL, HILARY,
&c.

Enter ANNETTA and RODRIGA.

Ann. The murder ! he owns it ! let justice com-
mit him ;

To prison convey him, till sentence be
giv'n !

Rod. With irons secure him, with fetters I'll fit
him.

Ann. Away from my sight let the monster be
driv'n !

May. A murder ! Oh, monstrous ! who now has
attack'd me ?

To prison convey me ! What harm have I
done ?

Save. These women, a plague on't ! these wo-
men distract me ;

Away to your chamber, Lucilla, begone.

Lucil. (*to Sav.*) No, he shall not leave me ;

(*to May.*) Would you so deceive me ?

Since you offer'd marriage,

Jewels, clothes, and carriage ;

Where are all your proffers ?

Bracelets, trinkets, coffers,

All you promis'd should be mine ?

Hil. Wherefore, vile betrayer,

Did you flight my prayer ?

Why, my peace to ruin,

Sought you my undoing,

When you bade me love you,

And, more true to prove you,

Virgin innocence resign ?

Ann. Fatal bane of my felicity !

May. Hey ! of plagues what multiplicity !

Ann. Where is he you flew so vauntingly?

May. Why accuse me all so tauntingly?

Ann. He so fam'd for liberality!

You for wild and fierce brutality!

While my husband fought courageously,

You came basely and outrageously---

May. At your impudence I'm wondering;

You are mad, or strangely blundering.

Ann. Cruel, cruel scorner!

Leaving me a mourner,

Still alone

To sigh and moan!

[DIALOGUE.]

Enter PREMIS and CLERKS.

Prem. The writings I've brought ye, all duly
completed,

Consistent exactly with what you agreed.

May. Good lawyer

Save. Good Premiss } be gently entreated

To stop them, at present we shall not pro-
ceed.

Prem. Not proceed!

May. & *Save.* There's a difference---

Prem. & *Clerks.* Aye! How?

May. You shall hear it:

The damsel's a simpleton, forward, profuse,
Extravagant, amorous---'sblood! I'll not
bear it;

The writings, depend on't, will be of no use.

Prem. & *Clerks.* Not proceed!

May. & *Save.* There's a difference---

Prem. & *Clerks.* Aye! How?

Save. You shall know it:

Young Hopeful deceiv'd me beyond all
belief;

A knave and a thief he turns out, we can
show it,

I'm therefore resolv'd that I'll turn out
the thief.

Prem. Such charges I'll raise ye,

May. } 'Tis he, you know, pays ye—
& Sav. }

Lucil. My primrose, my daisy---

May. Why, surely you're crazy,

Ann. & } My wrongs would amaze ye,
Hilary. }

May. Believe me, they're crazy.

Child. Pappa!

All. That betrays ye,

May. You're all of you crazy.

(*Lucilla and Lorenzo, &c. to Saveall*)

Dear Sir, attend our humble pray'r,

And view the constant lover!

Why should you cast him to despair,

When you his truth discover?

The youth adores: the maid is won:

Would you then be hard-hearted?

No, no, no, no, { our } hearts are one,
 { their }

And why should they be parted!

Save. All this I know nothing about,

But I know that I'll shut you all out---

Lucilla, re-enter,

(*To May.*) If one of you venture,

Come, pretty Annette---

I'll shoot the whole set;

My house is my castle, my rock.

Lor. Dear Sir, let soft Pity prevail!

Save. With bolts, barricado, and lock,

And blunderbuss too, if they fail.

Lor. Your favour I hope to recover---

Save. You never shall enter my door:

Lor. & } Consider how faithful a lover!
Lucil. }

Save. I only consider, you're poor.

Lucil. But a husband I'll have, I declare ;

Prem. I'm here on the side of the maid---

Not because for the parties I care,
But how shall the writings be paid.

May. Well, well, let's be married---

Hil. No, no---

In justice, good Sir, you'll refuse,

Ann. This scorn will you add to my woe ?

Banish *me*, Sir, or *him*, as you choose.

Save. All this I know nothing about---

But I know that I'll turn you all out.

Chorus. Follow, follow, all pursue,

Keep the nimble lad in view ;

Drive him, drive him, from this place,

May. Oh decorum ! Oh disgrace !

Lor. &c. Wherefore, make ye all this riot ?

Leave the simpleton in quiet.

All. Here's confusion, noise, distraction,

Like to soldiers met in action :

When the trumpets

Sound to battle,

And the cannons

Rattle---bang---

When the guns and cannons rattle,

Roaring like an angry bull ;

And the drums and trumpets clang---

What confusion ! what distraction !

Now the hurly burly's full.

ACT III.

SCENE. RODRIGA'S *Cottage.*

AIR. LORENZO.

I.

Beneath the woodbine's fragrant shade,
I mark'd her peaceful bow'r,
And plann'd her slumbers to invade,
At midnight's secret hour :
The drowsy herds in sleep were drown'd,
And hush'd was ev'ry spray,
The moon-beams brightly shone around,
To light me on my way :
My reason gone,
Still, still alone,
I sigh'd, ah ! fair Lucilla !

II.

I ask'd my heart, was I to blame,
Since love was passing strong,
If I should bring the maid to shame,
And her advancement wrong ?
My heart forbad to do her ill,
Or give her bosom pain ;
I own'd my shame—I paus'd—stood still,
Then turn'd me home again :
My hope was gone,
Yet still alone,
I sigh'd, ah ! fair Lucilla !

Balcony of ISABEL'S Window.

Serenade, DUKE, and ATTENDANTS.

Chorus. Luna veils her pearly light,
Nor will for envy show
What path our darkling step shall take,
Lest we may find and wake
A brighter regent here below.
If Beauty's Queen do wake to night,
Her eyes alone shall point the way,
While night seems fairer than the day.

Isabel. Ah! chide hence the warblers! ah, bid
them away!
No zephyr convey the soft notes thro'
the vale!
For Calumny's voice will awake with
the lay,
And Envy will taint the sweet breath
of the gale.

Chorus. Stars, that brightly deck the sky,
In absence of your Queen!
Since rightly here our step we take,
And beauty's dawn doth break,
Your fires no longer shall be seen:
With those fair suns ye may not vie;
Tho' ye be many, they but two,
Their beams may lend more light to you.

SCENE. *Garden Gate before SAVEALL'S House.*

AIR. LORENZO.

Thy halcyon calm, oh Peace ! impart,
 Give all my days repose ;
 And when from earth my soul shall part,
 Thy hand my eye-lids close !

But if in danger's wild alarm,
 Where fear and ruin grow,
 My native soil demand an arm
 To chase th' invading foe ;
 Aloud, around,
 Let battle sound !
 Amid the thronging host I fly,
 In arms to conquer or to die !

SCENE. *An Apartment in SAVEALL'S House.*

DUET. LORENZO *and* LUCILLA.

Lor. Wilt, thou, fortune's store despising,
Love and honour only prizing,
Wilt thou friends and home forsake?
Where I'll lead thee,
Love shall speed thee,
Love the charge of thee shalt take.

Luc. Yes, to thee my fate consigning,
Dearest youth, without repining
Fortune's vantage I forego ;
Where thou'lt lead me,
Love shall speed me,
Love shall greater wealth bestow.

SCENE. *Garden Gate before SAVEALL'S House.*

SESTETTO. LORENZO, LUCILLA, HILARY,
ANNETTA, RODRIGA, and ACCOMPLICES.

Lor. Hift ! softly draw the latchet back,
Hush ! gently here the deeds unpack :
Haste, Lucilla, haste away !
Lest chance unseen our flight betray—

Luc. Fear I would in vain dissemble,
While at ev'ry step I tremble ;
Haste, Lorenzo, haste away !
Lest chance unseen our flight betray.

Accomplices opening the Box.

Treasure, treasure, I declare it t'ye,
Saveall's soul---a precious rarity :

Lor. The writings---

Acc. &c. We've got 'em,
They're here at the bottom---
Here is his casket,

Here is his watch,
And in this basket---

Lor. Prithee, dispatch.

(Enter Maythorn)

May. I'm resolv'd to clear this mystery,
Or 'twill prove a dreadful history :

Luc. Now it's all over---

Ann. What's to be done ?

Hil. What, a mischief, silly lover,
Brings you here at break of day ?

May. Here the mischief I discover,

Acc. &c. You for this shall dearly pay---
Lock him up, my good friend Hilary,
Close within the garden wall,
'Till the miser we recal,
Who'll conduct him to the pillory.
You have well deserv'd to smart,
Who have scorn'd a bleeding heart ;

When you seek a maiden's favour,
 Learn to merit, e're you have her,
 And henceforth this maxim hold,
LOVE IS NEITHER BOUGHT OR SOLD.
All. Now away with hearts consenting!
 Fortune, ev'ry hope contenting,
 Smiles, while we resume her treasure,
 And delight our days shall measure:
 Every month henceforth be May,
 Ev'ry hour be gay.
 Bye, bye, beauty,
 Give our duty,
 And to Saveall's love commend us!

(Maythorn at the Window)

May. Let me out for gentle pity!

All. Justly we've contriv'd to fit ye,
 You against your will befriend us---

May. If you bring me no relief,
 They will hang me for a thief.

All. Silence, silly wight, be quiet!
 Or depend, you'll suffer by it---
 So adieu, adieu, dear beauty!
 We commend our love and duty.
 Now with nimble step away!
 Trip, trip away, make no delay!

May. Release me, pray!

All. Busy morn is hast'ning on---
 Hark! a noise! let's all be gone!

SCENE. *Apartment in SAVEALL's House.*

SAVOYARD ROUNDELAY.

Chorus. Now may we tell each anxious lover,
 That ev'ry fear,
 Is ended here,
 And ev'ry danger over !
 If you applaud, our hearts are gay,
 We'll chant the *Lover's Roundelay*.

Men. Where'er those eyes are brightly beaming,
 Whose glance is found
 To charm and wound,
 With smiles each pain redeeming,
 For them may joy exalt the day,
 And pleasure breathe the Roundelay !

Women. Where'er those hearts are fondly panting,
 Whose constant love
 The meed shall prove,
 Which beauty smiles in granting,
 May lasting bliss their truth repay,
 And love inspire the Roundelay !

Chorus. To-night tho' distant stories feigning,
 At heart from home
 We scorn to roam,
 All foreign praise disdaining ;
 From you alone we seek the Bay,
 That crowns OUR NATIVE ROUNDE-
 LAY.

